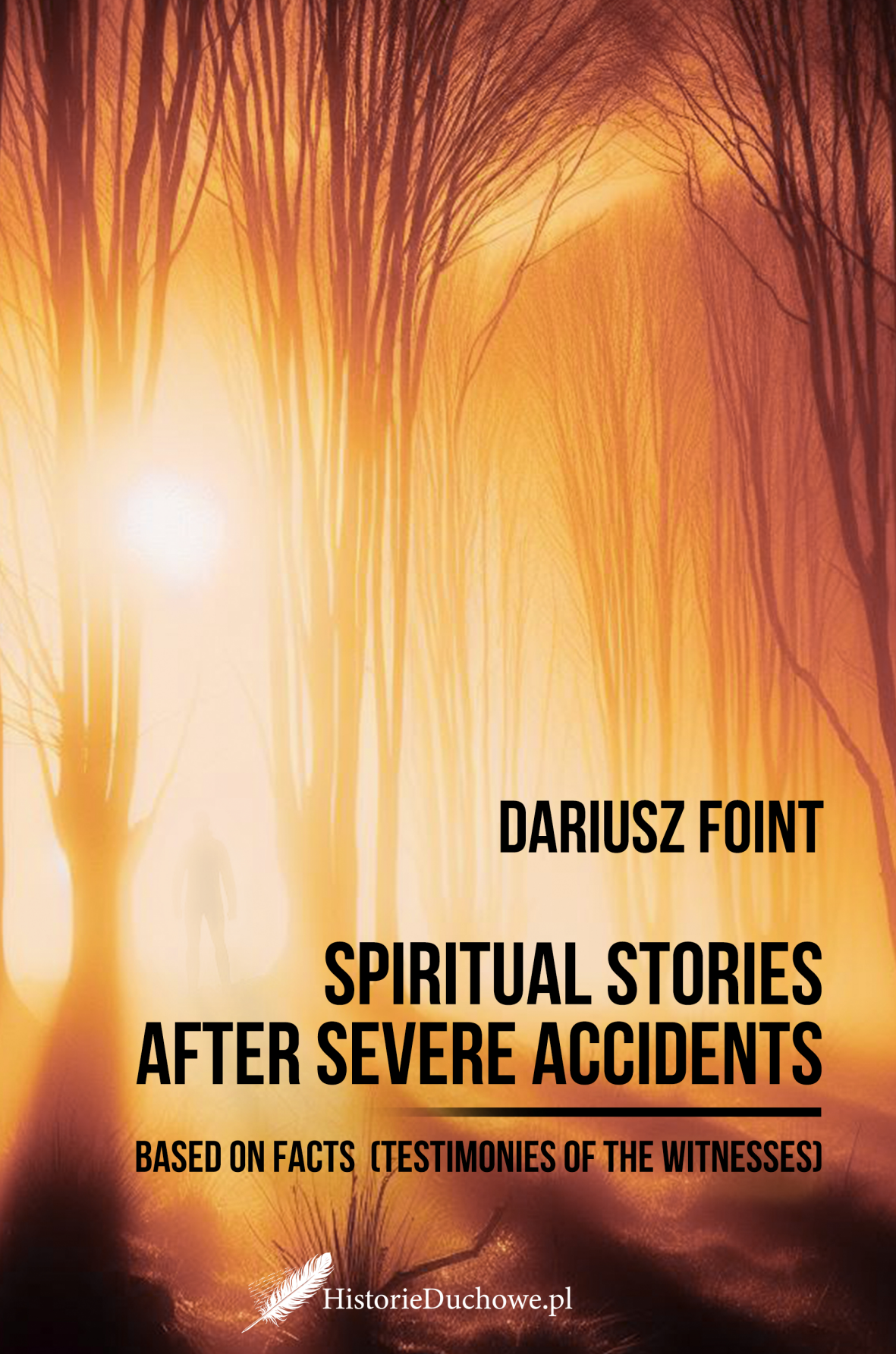




DARIUSZ FOINT

**SPIRITUAL STORIES
AFTER SEVERE ACCIDENTS**

BASED ON FACTS (TESTIMONIES OF THE WITNESSES)



HistorieDuchowe.pl

SPIRITUAL STORIES AFTER SEVERE ACCIDENTS

*To my wife Kasia and daughter
Otylia*

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(testimonies of
the witnesses)**

POZNAŃ 2023

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HISTORIE
DUCHOWE

*If you change the way you look at things, the
things you look at change.*

Joe Vitale

PART I

Everything has its beginnings

Before I start telling the stories about what I have seen, experienced, heard, and the testimonies of people who had suffered severe accidents or lost their loved ones in a fatal accident, I think it would be fair to write something about myself, about my past, about what I had done and how I had lived before I encountered numerous witnesses of spiritual events. I call them spiritual because they were often hard to prove or verify but were nevertheless unusual coincidences impossible to be placed in any way in the world perceived by our senses; events which had intertwined at one time and place in some unknown way. In my opinion, all of it is worthy of documenting, at least by way of this book.

The stories presented are about real people who have experienced the events described. However, I have changed the names of the persons and localities, since it would be quite easy – and quite inhuman at the same time – to find them if one tried to verify the truthfulness of what had happened. If the name of a locality (especially a small one) and the year were given, it would be a child's play to find people after incidents so uncommon as a fatal accident (the victim's family in such case) using the Internet and the local press. I have learnt that when I was performing my everyday work. Many persons to whom I mentioned that I was getting down to prepare such a publication did not mind that. However, I am aware that I would feel overwhelmingly guilty if there was ever a situation that someone whose history is presented here would have any problems on account of this book.

I have written this book because I want to present events that I deeply believe should see the light of day.

However, in the beginning, I would like to explain several matters. First of all, I avoid calling anything paranormal – I know nothing about paranormality, I do not even know what normality is, but I know that all people who live and want to live “normally” function in the greatest fiction ever created by the world. Why? I often hear that things are normal or abnormal, yet no one knows the parameters of the norm, so what is the point of reference? There is none... And this is actually pure fiction – isn’t it?! You cannot assess that, because every person is different, has different experiences, a different past, material status, views, follows a different set of values, performs different everyday activities, lives in a different culture, religion, has different priorities, different capabilities – we are simply different. And this is beautiful. The world as we know it is a world of differences. An aspiration for everyone to be equal could never have succeeded and will never succeed.

Why have I decided to share the stories I know if I realize they might be misunderstood, judged differently than I imagine? I wish to document the events of which I am aware. I will not create fiction or fantasy, but I will try to convey the situations told by me as accurately and precisely as possible, with all the details I know – and still in a subjective way. I will not embellish anything or seek recognition or sense of triumph that is quite unknown to me. I am writing this book because I want the presented stories to be remembered and the overarching theme of spirituality to be fathomed in some way.

As I start writing, I am 36 years old, it is November 27, 2022. Several years ago, I have completed my tenth year of work in the compensation sector. What is this business about? This is a longer story but I will try to explain it a bit. From my viewpoint, the compensation business focuses on people and the need for their legal support in the area of pursuit of any possible claims to which they are entitled following an accident or grave illness. This is my definition and I deem this value to be the most important. I often teach my coworkers that the compensation business is about the HUMAN. Paraphrasing the words of St. Augustine – when the human comes first, everything else would be in its right place. Unfortunately, this does not mean everyone thinks likewise. It is because compensations also mean money, often in very high amounts, and wherever money is, problems follow. Abuse, lack of ethics in action, corruption, hyenaism (from hyena – an animal that feeds on carrion), making money out of other people’s misery – all of it is the order of the day. I do not mean compensation firms here but insurers who openly prey on other people’s harm, denying them their due compensation foreseen by the law or

reducing it drastically, expecting that the pittance they throw would suffice and the injured persons would not pursue their rights. This stems from the fact that insurers earn on sales of insurance policies, not on payment of compensations.

It is important to understand there are different kinds of accidents. The most frequent ones are communication accidents, involving, for instance, collision of vehicles, hitting a pedestrian or cyclist, collision of trams, subway trains, buses, trains, aeroplanes, etc. There are accidents at work and farming accidents, which happen while a person is performing their professional duties, resulting in their injury or death. The next category are medical errors, or situations in which an error or negligence by medical personnel causes deterioration or health or even death of a patient. Then there are different falls resulting from inaction or negligence, e.g. on a parking lot surface in front of a supermarket, which has not been cleared of snow, or due to a broken – and thus dangerous – pavement, cracked stairs in public areas, etc. Most of them cause hardly any major consequences; there is light health impairments, followed by slightly more troublesome ones and significant ones, resulting in temporary incapacity for work or for independent living, then there are severe ones which can break someone's life once and for all, leading to disability or even to death. Fatal accidents are the most serious, since we assume that human life is the supreme value. But here, the compensation industry assesses a person's life with great harshness, determining its financial, material and property value. The financial value is determined with regard to the extent of the effect of the suffered loss on the family – when death happens, we speak of a brutally interrupted relationship, usually a good one. In such case, compensation would be paid to the closest ones: the spouse, children, parents, grandparents, grandchildren, siblings. The material value refers to the fact that a person – especially an adult – is able to accumulate all kinds of material goods, causing their family to grow rich. At the moment of death, the family is partially – and completely in some cases – deprived of those incomes. The property value comes into play when we regard a person as a subject who can constitute a personal interest of another person. When a surgeon is killed in an accident, he would have a different property value to the society than a person whose legacy at the moment of death consisted of numerous prison times, beaten and robbed people, and who, in their everyday life, was an alcoholic spending their afternoons outside a store. Who we are and what we do is the common good and some kind of property value. In some cases, compensation

amounts were not very relevant. This results from many legal factors in which the individual features of a given event have a great effect on the quality of claims against the insurer, especially in case of a civil-liability policy of the guilty party, based on the Civil Code (civil liability is involved when an event is caused through somebody's fault; in such a case, the compensation is usually paid from the guilty party's/employer's civil-liability policy). A claim for a family of ten due to a tragic death of an award-winning surgeon will be valued differently than for a tragic death of an unemployed alcoholic who had no large number of loved ones and the only person staying in touch with him was his sister who lived 200 kilometres away and saw him once in three months. And there is yet another aspect – from the insurer's viewpoint, a survivor may be the person guilty of the accident, the harmed party (or injured person), or a person partially guilty (they have contributed to the damage done but are still entitled to partial compensation). What matters in determination of your material value, or when you die, is what you were doing, what family and property you had, what relations you maintained with your closer or further family, with whom and where you lived, how much you earned, what you donated to someone during your lifetime and what value it had, what skills you had (for instance, whether you had two left hands for any work or you were a jack of all trades), how old you were when you died, who you have orphaned, who has lost you, how much you spent for living, how much you have saved, what prospects you have created for younger people, etc.

Who, then, is a hyena? An employee of the compensation business, receiving a legal fee as a percentage of the received amount, or an insurance agency that differentiates a human being's value in such a way? We will never find the answer to this question because the context always matters. You can be a villain or a hero. Actually, the context, or who you are to whom, is the only thing that matters. I like my work, I like being a hero, but everyone has to function normally and to develop, so payment is necessary. You can wait for two to three years to get your commission in a regular case, or for five to seven years in a particularly difficult one. Would you agree to take a job today for a salary to be received in seven years? This kind of work means enormous sacrifice – both to a human being and of one's precious time – but I believe this is just the way it is that if you want to achieve something in your life, you have to do something with your own life, it has to become a mission, you have to become someone important to somebody.

I believe I should write something about myself, for the sake of better understanding what spiritual stories after severe accidents mean to me. I was born on January 7, 1986 in Poznań. The year of Chernobyl – the mysterious explosion at a power plant in Ukraine – the spectre and threat of health impairment, or... an accident. Now I am thinking about Ukraine, a country where, after the Russian invasion, terrible fights are raging, people die and tanks roll by right next to that power plant. I was born shortly before the transformations of 1989. Generation X, or Y, or maybe Z? I have no idea about it. I am definitely different than my peers.

I was a typical child raised to become a decent man, although I had my periods of rebellion and an incomprehensible cycle of stupid behaviour. Stupid because this is the way when a young man desires changes. He rebels when he starts getting inspired by things that would eventually turn out irrelevant over time, when he disagrees with the reality forced upon him. I mean company, subcultures, music, modern trends. I was growing up at a time when everything was changing, both in terms of politics and civilization. Computers appeared, along with landline telephones in every home, then cell phones came, then smartphones. The material world accelerated, especially in Poland where the influence of Western countries, after the liberation from the Eastern Bloc policies, was indeed important. I never noticed that, it was all natural to me. For that reason, it was easy to get dazzled with modernity, materialism, consumption. I do not claim this is good or bad. It just is. But if something is in excess and eclipses the reality to us, it is always bad. For an alcoholic, it is alcohol, for a sexaholic, it is sex, for a drug addict, these are drugs, for an average human – it is addiction to things, if he gets overly attached to them, for instance, to TV, to the Internet... To what extent are we all sick with consumerism? I do not know, I do not judge it, all of us need things as objects in their own right. We focus on things as objects. Therefore, I encourage you to regard this book as something different, standing above it, something deeper, much deeper, although it still remains an object – a carrier of information. Everyday objects are extremely necessary to us, they give us comfort. There is also luxury... When does all of it become irrelevant? Exactly when an accident happens. It changes everything.

After my primary school, I was in the first year group to go to junior high school, then I went to high school and to university. I studied Polish philology but I never was a great humanist or had any outstanding command of my native

tongue. At that time, I treated it as an escape from mandatory military service. I did not want to lose time for the army, especially that running around through forests, wearing a uniform and standing attention unproductively just for the sake of the idea was already behind me – I had been a boy scout for ten years and had already had my share of scouting camps, bivouacs, jamborees, etc., I had learnt the Morse code, I knew many topographic symbols as well as the boy scout's oath, the scouting anthem, and many related ideas: God, Honour and Homeland, and that a boy scout's word is as trustful as Zawisza, the paragon of a honourable knight.

That's it, the issue of God... God, ghosts, religion. This was what I had serious problems with during my adolescence. I was an altar boy as well, so I would stand by the altar and serve during the Mass, take part in pastoral visits in winter, visit people, inspect their homes, sing carols and receive several zlotys for that. It was the first time when I was learning other people's stories, as they would always tell something about themselves during those several minutes.

Thus, I was an altar boy and a scout, and those were the two greatest and worst things that affected my life in that period. Those two communities did not differ much because at our Holy Trinity Parish in Poznań, altar boys were boy scouts, and boy scouts were altar boys. Why was it the worst period in my life? Because, as an extremely sensitive, introverted child, with great inclinations to take other people's opinions personal, and also usually the youngest, least clever, least popular one, I would simply become a scapegoat each time an opportunity presented itself, I was treated with contempt, ridiculed, sneered at. In primary and junior high school (the same people in both, as we were a 6+3 class – in total, nine years together), as well as in high school, there was always someone very capable of making my life unbearable. It was usually due to my appearance, but also because I tried to be active – I had always been innately curious – and many people often disliked that, believing I was too little and too stupid to discuss anything, while knowing nothing about things. Wherever I wanted to stand out and do something different, there always was a mocking smirk, a false glance, and, of course, a commentary to match them. I tried to appear unaffected, but it did affect me in such a manner that I grew to hate people, I became a lonely, misunderstood person. This would cause me to rebel against many things, including God, honour and homeland – as slogans that sounded bombastic but meant nothing at all. Since they

were uttered by people who should have been setting an example and yet were able to quietly tread on others, humiliate them and permanently damage their system of values for many years, what all of that was supposed to be? Fiction. Except that back then, I used to accept being a victim – in the name of higher values. What values? None. It was pure fiction. Thus, driven into strong complexes, I rebelled against everyone and everything. I only felt safe at home. As an introvert, I needed silence badly, drawing energy from it. When someone took it away from me, I felt the best in solitude, in my own room. I know such a temper made me no easy son to my parents, but they have survived it and I am grateful to them for that.

When I was 19 years old, rather than a young man vigorously entering my adulthood, I only knew I was hopeless at everything and the only thing I had to do was to evade the military somehow. I did not want to don the uniform and perform someone's orders in a group of people again; I did not want to conform, to be judged. After my high school finals, I passed the entry exams to the Adam Mickiewicz University in Poznań and did everything to survive the scheduled five years there. Several months later, however, I realized something had changed. I met new people and... there was not a soul among them who would regard me as unfavourably as others for the last ten years in the scouting movement, in church, or in the previous schools. This does not mean that any great change had taken place in me at once. It was just about realizing the peace, quiet and lack of focus on me as a person who could have been mentally beaten and kicked. I did not know that yet but I felt it intuitively that was good, something had changed. Today, I already know it was tranquility – only tranquility conveys immense power. I experienced tranquility.

Why was I a boy scout and an altar boy in the Catholic Church? Because that was my parents' idea of my personal development. After all, every father thinking his son has to become independent would see the scouting movement as a really good school of living – go learn something so you could get by. I understand that. All right... Just like both experiences are wise and valuable as far as the idea goes, both have given me an utterly rough handling in terms of real life. I was so reluctant to let my parents down that I would accept suffering, humiliation, moments of hypocritical friendship, falsehood, whispers behind my back, until I became a broken man full of complexes, incapable of independent existence, with no life plans, no confidence, yet with great, deep sensitivity, additionally

deepened by the suffering I had experienced. I would not send my own child to become a boy scout or to serve at the altar, since it hardly makes sense – there is no God in that. But I would surely be open to my child's senses and sensitivity. Discovering the falsehood and pain connected with the life of a boy scout and an altar boy, I realized there was actually nothing spiritual in all the things I had seen. What God? What honour? Maybe the homeland was actually there, but not one I would like to be my own. I would go to church because that was the way my parents had brought me up. It was mechanical recreation of imposed rules and behaviour. I would stand by the altar, look at all the sculptures, at the priest, and at the way everyone were behaving – as they had been taught. The priest says A, the parishioners say B, then goes the sermon, a couple of words, then again, pattering of rules I had already known by heart. There was nothing spiritual or divine about that. I come from a Catholic family but I am not a Catholic due to many different things in this variety of Christianity, which do not comply with what I know in the context of the meaning of this book. On the other hand, I do very much feel a full-fledged Christian.

I quit my altar boy service at 16 or 17, when my parents let me go my own way and it was no longer a problem; the same was the story with the scouting movement. Going my own way boiled down to me just sitting at home, rather than going to the scouting hall for an assembly or to church. At that time, my partial freedom was beginning – freedom from everything, and particularly from what had been doing me wrong: the Church I associated with automatism of behaviour, the persons of God, Jesus, the Mother of God, the Holy Spirit and all the saints, as well as all things religious. All of that became strange to me, and it actually had never been really close. It had been distant, and from that point on, it could have been more distant still. For the next few years, I would never go to church, except maybe for Christmas or Easter. I abandoned all the Church offered, and I was glad about it. I still had to get rid of the people from my school, but that was beyond my control at the time.

Studies, academy, university. People of another category, but was it a better one? Everybody was self-centered, since Polish philology required actual learning and studying of different old texts, sources, papers, books, publications. There was no time to care about others, it was a time to act. That was good for me, I felt as if I was shielded.

It is widely known that when people feel generally bad and have a hard time, it is easier for them to unite in a common cause. Therefore, I know that we were all together focused on survival, especially at the first year of this rather difficult studies. In the beginning, all of us were serious, involved, nobody knew what it was about. Back in high school, sitting out forty-five minute lessons had seemed lengthy and tedious, and here, discussions and lectures lasted for ninety minutes each – that was an extreme. The first year of Polish philology actually consisted of study of Old Church Slavonic and Latin languages. I still had many problems; to me, it was a completely different reality. Me and Polish philology? I was just avoiding conscription. I did not think I would last for long, my complex-ridden mind was already seeing me as a loser, a candidate for dropping out of this game. Fortunately, I came across two persons closer to me and we started thinking together what we should do to survive all of that. When starting my studies, I used to wear wide trousers and hoodies, I was a young rebel. The subculture that had gripped me and resulted from my deficits was rap and hip-hop. There is room in it for outcasts – especially in Polish hip-hop of the nineties. I thought it was in that music I would find my individualism, approval for my hopeless otherness, sensitivity, and that I would find social outcasts similar to myself. Unfortunately, I would only understand many years later that my greatest enemy and the man unable to accept me was myself. One cannot escape from oneself, but discovering this fact required a change of perception and asking more questions. First, I had to overcome myself to know who I was, why I was, for whom I was and how valuable the fact that I even was, there and then, actually was. Discovering myself, I found out no one else would be able to overcome me. This change has been the most difficult thing in my life. “When you overcome yourself, no one else will ever stand in your way,” these words I have heard from Jacek Walkiewicz on one of his YouTube videos (“The Full Power of Possibilities”).

On the second and third year of the studies, I developed an interest in many things, asking myself different questions, yet, nevertheless, I continued to focus on my harmed self. Negative thinking and decay of all values kept me company. I have always had analytical skills, which I probably owe to my mother who is an extremely analytical person; I sometimes joke she is a walking analysis, even in an exaggerated way, but this is a valuable ability. When you do it in a skillful way, you still... ask questions. I did not care at all about things connected with religion, spirits, any spiritual experiences. A breakthrough in this area happened

when I was 21.

Decadence is a state of mind when one seeks decay, especially of cultural values, in everything. This was the case with me, too. I developed an interest in a world of some kind of aggression, I liked catastrophic movies, flying meteors, winters of the millennium, collapsing buildings, apocalyptic visions and images. All of that suited my sense of harm at the time. At the oral exam in Polish at the end of my high school, I chose the topic of the motif of apocalypse in prose and poetry – I passed with a score of 19 points out of 20. It was a honour to me, since I felt strong in the topic of sorrow. Despair and sense of grievance were so intimate to me that I spoke of them with passion, because I had felt them within me for years. I was a professor and practitioner of suffering. Actually, my fascination with apocalypse, or total destruction, trauma, some kind of drama, visions of downfall, collapse of the world and humanity, was a liminal situation to me. There was a will in me to abandon the evil world, along with an interest in the power of the forces of nature, physics, elements. Why was I fascinated with nature, elements, physics? Because I looked for a force capable of killing all people who had wronged me. I imagined days when I would meet those people and be able to strike them down, to suppress them just like they had suppressed me. Today, I notice how close a harmed child or a young mind might get to committing evil deeds as a result of their sensitivity and complexes, brought to life by others. If they cannot hold their own and receive help in time, they will be able to inflict evil. Or to make an attempt on their own life instead. I never had any suicidal tendencies, I always felt intuitively that the good will prevail: I, of course, was good. Fascination with evil did give me certain profits, such as the well-passed high school finals and a praise from a teacher unknown to me. It was no longer true in the university. I had to spend hours at the university library, although I preferred other, more interesting activities, such as doing nothing in my own room. On the one hand, I would read and analyze old books and I had a feeling I was wasting my time by studying the works by Mikołaj Rej or Jan Kochanowski, written five hundred years ago... But on the other hand, that topic would propel me through my first year: *Master Polikarp's Dialogue with Death* by Mikołaj Rej and *Threnodies* by Jan Kochanowski. Again, apocalypse and destruction, and fascination with the power of death. And again, it carried me forward (I passed my freshman year).

I passed to the second year, then to the third one. This

means that over three years, I gained a skill of good analyzing, asking questions, looking for answers. I considered the editorial and publishing specialization, but I would also observe prospective journalists, their manner of asking questions, their rhetoric. When I was 20, as I have said above, a breakthrough happened in my life. At that time – more precisely, in October 2005 – the film *The Exorcism of Emily Rose* had a theatrical premiere. I went to cinema, quite a lot people were sitting in the dark room. I got drawn into the plot, but I kept repeating to myself every now and then, “I’ll be damned, what a load of crap, demons, ghosts and whatnot...” And I would burst into laughter in my thoughts now and again, because all of that seemed impossible to me. However, something within me shivered at the end. I got interested by the information that the situations depicted were based on facts. On facts? That was interesting... At home, I thought about it for a long time. I decided I would play a researcher, a detective. I am not sure where that came from. It no longer mattered to me on what I would be working again – philosophers’ writings or searching for information about whether such rubbish as exorcisms is even real. I wanted to see for myself if it was a good lie which THEY (I did not know who, maybe the director, some kind of THEM) could use to have a topic to make a movie about.

I also need to say that another important thing in my life happened in the same period. During one lecture, which I found incredibly boring, a colleague handed me a book *Rich Dad Poor Dad* by Robert T. Kiyosaki. It was a breakthrough moment, following which I would reach for other similar books written by multimillionaires or simply confident, successful people. I was 20 and attended classes just to read books outside the compulsory reading! Instead, I would study publications that taught me how to become a confident and enterprising person, gave me knowledge about another human being, psychology, and mentality. I simply started my personal development. That was a time when I read the greatest number of books in my young life and only few of them were related to the curriculum. I remember I used to read about twenty books per year at that time, which was an incredible feat for my standards. As for the compulsory reading – it included 150-180 items per year. A year has 365 days. How is a student supposed to read 150 publications over 365 days? This makes two days for one book, on top of classes on different topics, at least 7-8 times a day: linguistics, literary study, Latin, philosophy, war literature, history. That made no sense. Therefore, I would do an absolute minimum to sneak through the exams